

The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1872.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERTS
and AFTERNOON PROMENADES, 1872-3. — The SEVENTEENTH SERIES of the Saturday Concerts will commence on the 5th of October. Holders of Serial Tickets are reminded that THIS DAY, Saturday, is the LAST DAY for securing a renewal of their tickets for particular stalls.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY, SATURDAY, Sept. 14. Special Performance of Offenbach's Operetta, "THE ROSE OF ALVERGNE," Messrs. Cotte and Temple, Miss Alice Cooke. Followed by Mr. Arthur Sullivan's Comic Operetta, "COX AND BOX," Messrs. Shore, Cotte, and Temple. Full orchestra and chorus. Conductor—Mr. MAHNS. Stage manager, Mr. T. H. Friend. Numbered Stalls, Half-a-Crown; reserved seats, One Shilling. Admission Half-a-Crown; or by Guinea Season Ticket.

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MONDAY AFTERNOON, Sept. 23, at Three o'clock.—Grand Military, Orchestral, and Vocal CONCERT. Principal artists—Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Sinico, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, and Mdlle. Ilma di Murska; Signor Foll, Signor Campobello, Signor Borella, and Signor Campanini.

Full Orchestra of Her Majesty's Opera and Five Military Bands.
Conductor—Mr. W. G. CUSINS.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, Sept. 25, at Eight o'clock.—Handel's Oratorio, "THE MESSIAH." Principal vocalists—Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Signor Foll. Trumpet—Mr. T. Harper.

Conductor—Mr. W. G. CUSINS.
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FRIDAY EVENING, Sept. 27, at Eight o'clock, GRAND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT. Principal Artists—Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Marie Marinon, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Madame Sinico, and Mdlle. Ilma di Murska; Signor Agnes, Signor Foll, Signor Mendioroz, Signor Borella, Signor Zoholi, Signor Campobello, and Signor Campanini.

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Tickets to be obtained at the Royal Albert Hall, and of the usual agents.

THE LATE MR. THOMAS YOUNG.

THIS well-known and much-admired Vocalist, whose singing it has been for many years a pleasure to listen to, and whose kindness and amiability endeared him to all who knew him, died suddenly on Monday morning, August 12th, of *Aquina pectoris*.

Mr. Young had just completed certain arrangements in connection with some property at Canterbury, which would have brought him in about £120 a-year for the rest of his days, of which sum he intended to devote a considerable portion; to increase the amount of his Life Insurance Policy, for the benefit of his family. By his death, however, a WIDOW and SEVEN CHILDREN, two of them under five years of age, are left almost unprovided for. This fact, it is believed, has only to be made known to induce those friends who knew Mr. Young in his lifetime, to render assistance in alleviating the present circumstances of the family he has left behind him.

A. CALKIN LEWIS, Esq., 7, Farnival's Inn, E.C., has kindly consented to act as Treasurer, and any subscriptions forwarded to him, or to the undersigned, will be gratefully acknowledged:—

Mr. MONTY SMITH, 42, Brixton Road, S.W.; Mr. WILBY COOPER, 19, Great Portland Street, W.; Mr. FRED. WALKER, 3, Lawford Road, Kentish Town, N.W.; Mr. CHAPLIN HENRY, 581, Wandsworth Road, S.W.; Messrs. HANSFORD and SON, 2, Princes Street, Oxford Circus, W.

"LORELEY."

MISS MARIAN ROCK will perform E. SAUERBREY'S New Transcription of "LORELEY," on C. M. Schroder's (of St. Petersburg) METALLIC GRAND PIANO, at the International Exhibition, on Wednesday and Saturday, from Three till Four o'clock.

"ALICE"

MISS MARIAN ROCK will perform ASCHER'S Transcription of "ALICE," on C. M. Schroder's (of St. Petersburg) METALLIC GRAND PIANO, at the International Exhibition, on Wednesday and Saturday, from Three till Four o'clock.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS will return to London, Monday, September 16. All Letters to be sent to his Residence, 6, St. Mary Abbots Terrace Kensington.—Broadstairs, Sept. 9.

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The Michaelmas Term will commence on MONDAY, 23rd September, and terminate on SATURDAY, 21st December.

Candidates for Admission can be examined at the Institution on THURSDAY, the 19th September, at Eleven o'clock, and every following Thursday at the same hour.

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REMOVAL.

MADAME FLORENCE LANCIA has Removed to 258, Devonshire Street, Portland Place, W.

MR. SANTLEY'S CONCERT TOUR.—Mr. SANTLEY, accompanied by the following distinguished Artists, will make a Tour of the Provinces during the coming autumn.—Vocalists—Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Caffera, Miss Enriquez, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Maybrick. Violin—M. Sainton. Pianoforte—Mr. Lindsay Sloper. All communications, respecting Engagements, to be made to Mr. George Dolby, 52, New Bond Street, London, W.

"MARCHE BRESILLIENNE."

MDLLE. FLORA HEILBRON will play Ignace Gibsons's popular "MARCHE BRESILLIENNE" on Messrs. Hopkinson and Co.'s pianos, at the International Exhibition THIS DAY.

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Where may be obtained "A Message from the Deep" sung by Signor Foli.

"Signor Foli was unanimously encoired in Herr Diehl's new and already very popular song, 'The Mariner,' which he gave with remarkable vigour and expression."—*The Times*.

"We must not omit to mention a song entitled 'The Mariner' which is an excellent composition, by Louis Diehl. It was well executed by Signor Foli, and was encoired as much for the beauty of the composition, as the excellence of the singing."—*The Observer*.

"Signor Foli obtained an encore for a capital song, 'The Mariner,' by Herr Louis Diehl."—*The Graphic*.

"Signor Foli sang Herr Diehl's new song 'The Mariner' (at the Philharmonic Concert, Liverpool). It is an excellent and spirited piece of music, and was encoired."—*Liverpool Courier*.

"Signor Foli has proved himself worthy of the title of best of bass singers known in this country. In every piece he sang he was at once the man of superb natural gift and admirable power of interpretation; but it was in the very genuine song of 'The Mariner'—a class of music and sentiment peculiarly well suited to his powers—that his rich, deep, strong, basso and hearty delivery told with most success. It was very heartily applauded and encoired."—*Cork Examiner*.

"The manner in which Signor Foli sang Diehl's new song, 'The Mariner,' elicited immense applause; and though the Signor appeared twice on the platform to bow his acknowledgments, the audience would not be content, and he eventually responded to their demands."—*The Nottingham Journal*, Saturday, January 20th, 1872.

"The new song by Diehl, which Signor Foli introduced at a later hour, possesses every element of wide popularity, including, of course, conventionality; and as it was really well sung, its re-demand, which was not complied with, was only natural."—*Birmingham Daily Post*, Thursday, January 18, 1872.

"In Diehl's song of 'The Mariner,' Signor Foli fairly brought down the house."—*Belfast Daily Telegraph*, January 13th, 1872.

"Signor Foli sang the song, 'The Mariner,' in such a manner that he was obliged to repeat it, the audience forgetting his indisposition in their enthusiasm."—*Belfast Times*, January 13th, 1872.

"A new song, 'The Mariner,' was introduced by Signor Foli, who achieved an unequalled success. The execution and manner were so well adapted to the music and words (both of a high character), that the singer fairly won the hearts of his hearers, but the well-merited encore was courteously but firmly declined. We have to thank Signor Foli for introducing this song to our notice: it will form a very pleasing addition to the repertoire of every baritone."—*Derby Mercury*, January 24th.

"A vigorous attempt was made to encore Signor Foli in a capital new song, 'The Mariner,' by Diehl, but without success."—*Bath Chronicle*, February 1.

"In the second part, Signor Foli gave 'The Mariner,' a new song, which is likely to become as favourite a piece as 'The Village Blacksmith.' So far as demonstrative public favour is concerned, Signor Foli carried away the honours of the night, for the encore which followed 'The Mariner' was a thorough storm. The Signor was literally taken by storm, too, for three times bowing of acknowledgment, with a shake of the head, meant to be a decisive negating of the re-demand, would not satisfy the audience, and at last another song was elicited."—*Staffordshire Sentinel*, January 27th.

"The piece which secured Signor Foli most applause was Diehl's 'Mariner.' This called forth such loud and prolonged applause that he was compelled to repeat it—two re-appearances on the stage, in response to the recall, being insufficient to satisfy the audience."—*Cardiff Times*, February 3rd.

"The new song, 'The Mariner,' was vociferously re-demanded. Signor Foli declined the honour of a recall, but after twice bowing his acknowledgments, the clamour, in which some part of the audience chose to indulge forced from him another song."—*Bradford Observer*, January 25th.

"Signor Foli's powerful and rich voice was heard to great advantage in 'The Mariner,' which elicited an encore."—*Leeds Mercury*, January 25th.

"In 'The Mariner,' a new song by Diehl, Signor Foli so gratified his audiences that he was recalled three times, and eventually yielded to the encore."—*Nottingham Daily Guardian*, Saturday, January 20th, 1872.

FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS.

WORCESTER, Sept. 9th.

The Festival to be held this week is the 149th meeting of the three Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester. It begins to-morrow with Mendelssohn's now, happily, indispensable oratorio, *Elijah*, at the Cathedral, in the day, and a miscellaneous concert of vocal and instrumental music at College Hall, in the evening. The general character of the four days' programme has been already published in *The Times*; and a mere glance at the performances which are to constitute the musical part of the festivities will suffice. The prominent feature of the first evening concert is to be a selection from Mozart's too much neglected *Idomeneo Re di Creta*,—too much neglected, remembering, as all who have read Mozart's published correspondence cannot fail to remember, how highly the great musician himself estimated this his earliest opera seria (his latest being *La Clemenza di Tito*). To the excerpts from *Idomeneo* are added others from *Don Giovanni*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, the first part of the concert coming to a fitting climax with the Symphony in G minor, the most magnificent orchestral piece ever composed until the towering genius of Beethoven found a new sphere for its gradual and active development. The genius of Mozart could not be more worthily exemplified than by this admirable selection from his works. The remainder of the first concert consists of a series of well-known songs, duets, and trios, preceded by Auber's never unwelcome overture to *Masaniello*.

The Cathedral programme on Wednesday is marked agreeably by the variety of sources from which it is drawn, less agreeably by the time likely to be taken up by the performance. It includes the Overture and "Dead March" (a curious title for an inspiration that must always live), together with sundry airs and choruses from Handel's *Samson* (immediate successor to his *Messiah*), the second *Mass Solennis* of Hummel, and the first and second parts of Haydn's *Creation*. The omission of the third, last, and, though simplest perhaps, most melodious and expressive, part of Haydn's sacred masterpiece seems now becoming a fashion. All we can say is—so much the worse. The Mass of Johann Nepomk Hummel, one of the composers who, in their sacred music, have successfully striven to perpetuate the style of Haydn and Mozart, and who is, in short, one of the most distinguished disciples of those illustrious masters, will be a god-send—so rarely, now-a-days, does Hummel obtain a hearing. His second Mass is in some respects his best; clearer or more natural music, while at the same time music—if nowhere showing the imprint of inventive genius—more thoroughly well suited to its high purpose, has seldom been written, and at the present time is scarcely to be looked for. This, on account of its comparative novelty, is the feature of most interest in Wednesday morning's selection; and Mr. Done, organist of the Cathedral, as well as conductor of the Festival, deserves credit for introducing it. On Wednesday evening the "miscellaneous concert" at College Hall is to begin with a lengthy selection from the *Allegro* and *Penseroso* of Handel, and to include Haydn's Symphony in G, which is universally known as "*The Surprise*" (a very feeble nick-name), Mendelssohn's Grand March composed in honour of the painter Cornelius (one of the "posthumous" publications), and a selection of familiar vocal pieces, solos, &c.

On Thursday we are promised John Sebastian Bach's great oratorio, *The Passion of St. Matthew*, which—thanks, first, to Sir Sterndale Bennett, who laboured zealously for years towards the production of this masterpiece, when he was director of the now extinct Bach Society, and next to Mr. Joseph Barnby, who has by assiduous work taught his "Choir" to execute this very difficult music in so satisfactory a manner—is evidently earning general acceptance, and likely, not long hence, to establish its just claim to be placed side by side with the *Messiah*. The *St. Matthew Passion* is to be followed by Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, as splendid a modern composition as could possibly be associated with the colossal inspiration of the Leipzig Cantor. But he who can listen to both in succession, and follow both throughout with the attention required to understand and appreciate them, must be more than ordinarily endowed with patience, if not, on the other hand, really insensible to the beauties of either. These over-lengthy selections are becoming more and more

intolerable. The Thursday evening's concert will commence with Beethoven's music to the *Ruins of Athens*, followed by a miscellaneous selection of music almost entirely vocal, being only relieved by the *Guillaume Tell* overture, and a violin fantasia set down for M. Sinton—and, to judge by a glance at the programme, almost interminable.

On Friday morning the *Messiah*, as usual. What more need be said?

The idea of an evening performance in the Cathedral such as that which was given at a recent Hereford Festival is abandoned, as is also, we understand, the old-established ball at the Town Hall. "*Tant mieux!*" many will exclaim with reference to the latter; and we are not inclined to disagree with them.

The principal singers announced by Mr. Done are—Mlle. Tietjens, M^{me}. Lemmens-Sherrington, M^{me}. Patey, and Miss Alice Fairman; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Vernon Rigby, Edward Lloyd, Lewis Thomas, and Santley—a list strong enough to satisfy every one that soprano, contralto, tenor, barytone, and bass parts are in thoroughly efficient and experienced keeping. The orchestra and chorus include "upwards of 350 performers," 74 of the number making up the orchestral contingent, with M. Sinton as principal first violin (or "*chef d'attaque*") Messrs. Willy, R. Blagrove, Howell, sen., Howell, jun., Ratcliffe, G. Horton, Lazarus, Waetzig, T. Harper, C. Harper, Hawkes, Thomson, &c., respectively at the head of the other departments. Mr. Done, of Worcester, is, as of old, the conductor; Dr. S. S. Wesley, of Gloucester, organist; and Mr. Townshend Smith, of Hereford, accompanist at the pianoforte—also as of old, and as it should be, seeing that all the preliminary trouble of getting up these festivals devolves almost exclusively upon the organists of the Cathedrals, who cannot be expected to undergo the labour and responsibility without consideration.

It is almost superfluous to remind our readers that the meetings of the three Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester have chiefly for their object the benefit of the widows and orphans of clergymen in the three dioceses, and it is wholly unnecessary to write, for the hundredth time, the history of their origin, institution, and progress. What good they have done for the charity itself is well known; and how, in their peculiar way, they have been more or less directly instrumental in creating and fostering a taste for the purest and loftiest manifestations of art is equally a familiar truth. The evening concerts, it must be admitted, are of small service in this direction—are, perhaps, even in a great measure rather antagonistic than favourable to the cultivation of a taste for what is legitimate and good. It is creditable enough to the conductors that they persist, as they have persisted for years, in putting orchestral symphonies and other examples of classical art into their programmes. But they must surely, before now, have been made aware of the fact, that their evening audiences for the most part care little about such things, and at the best listen to them with a certain apathy—those, we contend, who really listen to them, are by no manner of means the majority. At one time it was hoped that a taste for such music, by perseverance in bringing it forward, would be surely, however slowly, created; but the experience of year after year only tends to show that the hope indulged by many sincere and earnest workers was little better than fallacious. No—it is the morning performances in the Cathedral which effect substantial good in the direction at which we have pointed. These are really serious affairs, and by nine persons out of ten in the church are seriously regarded. There can be no applause, and the "encores" which formerly used to be insisted on, by persons in authority—the general public having no voice in the matter—seems happily to be going out of fashion. Such a silly, antiquated custom did not deserve to last. It is fortunate that the opposition to the Cathedral performances is in a measure abandoned, or at all events likely to remain in abeyance, until some opposition more formidable than any which has hitherto been put in force shall spring up, and, by reason of overwhelming social influence, prevail. We have had, for years past, Divine service in the morning, at the Cathedral, as if no "festival" was being held; and this, we repeat has done much to allay the prejudices of a great number of earnest and rightly disposed people. To the services, of course, there is no admission fee; and as, at their conclusion, as at the conclusion of the oratorios, a collection for the charity is made at the church doors, even

they do something, however small that something may be, in furtherance of the cause. The sermon to-morrow in aid of the charity will be preached by the Rev. Alfred Barry, D.D., a Worcester Canon. The music chosen for the morning services is as follows:—

Services.	Anthems.
Tuesday morning ... Garret in D.	Praise the Lord ... Goss.
Wednesday morning ... Croft in A.	Hear my prayer ... Norris.
Thursday morning ... Smart in F.	Blessing and Glory ... Bach.
Friday morning ... Wesley in F.	Joy cometh in the morning ... Hullah.

The responsible stewards for the present meeting are more than eighty in number, headed by the Bishop of Worcester, who consents to officiate as president of the week. We understand that the prospects of the Festival are excellent, though, unless the weather brightens up, the rain to-day having been almost incessant, the result may not prove so good as was anticipated. Let us hope for a favourable change.

WORCESTER, September 11.

The morning service which yesterday ushered in the virtual opening of the Festival was held in the Lady Chapel—the renovations in the Choir, as in other parts of the Cathedral, not yet being completed. The accommodation provided by the Lady Chapel is comparatively small, but, under the circumstances, it answered its purpose well. Of course, the members of the three united choirs did their very best; although we cannot but agree with the Rev. Alfred Barry, who preached the sermon for the Charity, that much more might be, and ought to be, made of the Cathedral services on the occasions of these Festivals. It is not, however, within our province to criticise an act of worship; and we, therefore, merely add that the music to the service was by Mr. Garrett, and that the anthem was "Praise the Lord," one of the most sterling compositions of Sir John Goss, who has done so much and so well in his department for the musical requirements of the Church. At the end of the sermon, and previous to the blessing, while the concluding hymn was being sung, a collection was made for the charity, an offertory in due form. After the hymn, and while the congregation was departing, a voluntary was played on the organ by Mr. F. Done (son of Mr. Done, the conductor), who selected one of the great pedal fugues of John Sebastian Bach. This was played upon a temporary organ, erected for the occasion by a well-known local firm. The sermon delivered by the Rev. Alfred Barry, seemed to afford general satisfaction. The rev. preacher alluded to the primary object of the meetings of the Three Choirs, which in the progress of time had been considerably modified, but, while evidently wishing that the original idea might be in some measure restored, he admitted the good which the oratorios of Handel and others had effected in giving a new impulse to religious devotion, and made some interesting remarks about the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, the *Passion* (Bach), the *Lobgesang*, &c. The sermon concluded with an eloquent exhortation on behalf of the charity. The text upon which the discourse was built was from Exodus chap. xii, verse 26.

Worcester has rarely been visited by a greater number of strangers. The hotels are all crowded, and the lodging-houses nearly all full. The Festival this year, if we may judge by the outset, has proved even more attractive than usual. The attendance at the Cathedral for the oratorio yesterday was very large; rarely has a first morning performance brought together a more numerous assembly. The "reserved and numbered" seats, "first division," at 15s. a seat, were almost every one occupied; those belonging to the "second division," at 10s. a seat, in the central transept and western division of the south aisle of the nave, showed few vacant places; while the "third division," in the south aisle of the nave, at 5s., and the north aisle and transepts, for which 2s. 6d. is charged on every day except Friday—when the still universal popularity of Handel's *Messiah* emboldens, if not justifies, the managerial authorities in putting on an extra shilling—were also well filled. Some look upon these prices as more or less exorbitant; and a still larger number pretend that for the day of the *Messiah*, if the prices of admission are to be raised, the increased charge should rather be levied upon the wealthier than upon the humbler classes. That the townspeople of Worcester generally take more interest in their

Festival than the townspeople of Gloucester and Hereford may be accepted as a fact; and it is not improbable, were the means of access easier, that they would go at least half-way in support of it themselves.

The oratorio of yesterday was *Elijah*. Notwithstanding the enthusiastic reception of this, the greatest masterpiece of modern musical art, at the Birmingham Festival of August, 1846, Mendelssohn could hardly have dreamt that a quarter of a century later it would still be an indispensable feature in every English music meeting on a large scale, with a strong likelihood of its continuing to be so for a quarter of a century more. What would, perhaps, equally have surprised and gratified the illustrious musician is the fact that, since 1846, scarcely a Festival has been held at which *Elijah* has not been given. At Birmingham, naturally enough, it has never once been missed; while its absence from the programme of any other meeting during the period of time we have named, has rather been an exception than a rule. Gloucester was the first to perform it after Birmingham (in 1847—little more than two months before its composer's premature death); Worcester next; and Hereford next. How often it has been given in other towns and cities is well-known to the lovers of sacred music, with whom *Elijah* holds a place only second to that which, for more than a century and a half, has been accorded to the *Messiah*.

About the execution of this now familiar work, which is so frequently heard in London with the same vocal artists, and, for the most part, with the same instrumental artists, it will suffice to say that, small exceptions allowed for, it was admirable throughout, reflecting credit alike on principal singers, orchestra, organist, chorus, and conductor. "Thanks be to God," the grandest of all choruses, of which elaborate counterpoint is not a special feature (as in so many of the finest choruses of Handel), was given with immense power and effect; and—*mirabile dictu!*—was heard with attention to the end; the "rush out" which has so often been complained of as occurring during the chorus ending the first part of no matter what oratorio being this time conspicuous by its absence. Many other choruses were equally well done; and it must in fairness be admitted that Worcester has earned new laurels by this performance. The solo singers were Mdlle. Tietjens, who took the chief soprano music of the second part, and gave the very trying air, "Hear ye, Israel," with its exulting peroration "Be not afraid," superbly; Mdlle. Lemmens-Sherrington, who was equally happy in the soprano music of Part 1; Mr. Vernon Rigby, who—in the absence of Mr. Sims Reeves, detained by illness at Spa, according to a certificate from his medical attendant, Mr. J. Cutler, which was printed and circulated all over the town—acquitted himself with the highest credit in the tenor music of the second part; Mr. Edward Lloyd, a young singer full of promise, and already a favourite, acted for the same reason as substitute for Mr. Rigby in Part 1. Miss Alice Fairman, who has a very fine voice, and Mdlle. Patey, legitimate successor of Mdlle. Sainton Dolby, and now indisputably the foremost singer in her special department, divided the contralto recitatives and airs, the former taking Part 1, the latter Part 2. Mr. Santley gave the whole of the magnificent music assigned to the Prophet in his finest style, which is as much as to say as no singer since Staudigl, the original, or even Staudigl the original himself, has ever sung it. Mr. Lewis Thomas, our excellent and always ready and accommodating English bass, did good service, in some of the concerted music. Altogether, the performance of *Elijah* was one to remember, and all the more impressive from the fact of its being heard in a Cathedral—a chance of which Mendelssohn did not live to avail himself.

The attendance was officially numbered at 1,837 persons. The collection at the door of the church amounted to £380 2s. 4d.—a liberal one for the opening day of the Festival.

The first "miscellaneous concert," held yesterday evening in the College Hall, may be very shortly dismissed. According to old custom, we quote the programme *in extenso*, as a fair specimen of what these entertainments usually are. The first part included a very interesting selection from the instrumental and vocal works of Mozart. This began with the overture, recitative and air, "Padre germani a addio;" chorus, "Godami la pace;" recitative and air, "Zeffiretti;" air, "Vadrommi intorno;" and chorus, "Placido è il mar"—all from the opera,

Idomeneo Re die Creta, and each without exception a gem. Then came "L'Addio," a *contralto* air always attributed to Mozart until its genuineness was disputed, on solid grounds, by the late Otto Jahn, Mozart's most elaborate and trustworthy biographer, whose opinion has since obtained general acceptance. "L'Addio" at the same time, it must be admitted, is so exactly in Mozart's style, that one almost feels sorry to know that its paternity, no matter on what grounds, has been brought into question. After "L'Addio" we had "Dalla sua pace," Ottavio's first song in *Don Giovanni*, and the exquisitely tuneful recitative and air, "Deh vieni, non tardar," which Susanna sings in the garden scene of the last act of *Le Nozze di Figaro*. The whole terminated with the matchless symphony in G minor. The solo singers to whom was assigned a part in these excerpts from "the greatest of abstract musicians," as Herr Richard Wagner condescendingly styles Mozart, were Mdlle. Tietjens and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington (sopranos), Madame Patey (contralto), and Mr. Vernon Rigby (tenor)—each and all of whom sang as though in love with their respective tasks; and, indeed, what music that exists is more graceful and fluttering than Mozart's? No music is more pleasant to sing, and none more delightful to hear. The orchestra did its part right well in this selection, and above all gave a spirited and highly effective reading of the symphony in G minor; which, we are glad to be able to record, was listened to with uninterrupted attention by the audience, who applauded with true heartiness movement after movement—the impassioned *allegro molto*, the heavenly *andante*, the vigorous *minuetto* with its innocently charming *trio*, and the irresistible *finale*, a masterpiece of contrapuntal ingenuity no less than a model of expression. This reception of a great work, which occupies a good half hour in performance, was creditable to the Virginians, whose example, let us hope, may henceforth be imitated elsewhere.

The second part of the programme consisted of the subjoined list of popular pieces:—

Overture, "Masaniello"	Auber.
Canzone, "La Vezzosa"	Bevignani.
Ballad, "Once again"	A. Sullivan.
Duetto, "Pronta io son" (<i>Don Pasquale</i>)	Donizetti.
Brindisi, "Il Segreto" (<i>Lucrezia Borgia</i>)	Donizetti.
Song, "O, firm as Oak"	Sir H. Bishop.
Trio, "Turn on, old time"	Wallace.
Air and Chorus, "Come if you dare"	Pureell.

—about which it is enough to say that the overture to *Masaniello*, well played, was encored and repeated; that the same compliment was paid to, and accepted by, Mr. Lloyd, in Arthur Sullivan's ballad, "Once again;" that Mr. Lewis Thomas conferred a boon upon the audience by resuscitating Bishop's sterling old English song, "O, firm as Oak;" that Mdlle. Tietjens gave the *canzone* of Signor Bevignani with wonderful brilliancy; that Miss Alice Fairman displayed a fine quality of voice in "Il Segreto," judiciously relinquishing the famous Alboni "shake" just previous to the return of the theme; that the comic duet from *Don Pasquale* was sung in perfection by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Santley; that the tuneful and once so popular trio from *Maritana* might have "gone better;" that Mr. Vernon Rigby threw all his energy into "Come, if you dare;" and that the entire concert seemed to be to the satisfaction of everybody, inasmuch as very few persons quitted the room before the last note of Purcell's familiar war song, which happened to be the last piece in the programme. The hall was much more numerously attended than is generally the case on a first night.

Worcester is now as gay as gay can be; flags are streaming from every other house in the chief thoroughfares; the streets, especially those in the vicinity of the Cathedral in the day, and of the College-Hall in the night, are thronged; and every sign that the "faithful city" is now *en pleine fête* is exhibited. Not the least agreeable sign is the periodical ringing of church bells, always a feature of these meetings, but now, for reasons with which our readers have been made acquainted, a more than ever welcome one.

Those, by the way, who heard the great bell of Worcester Cathedral clock strike twelve yesterday at midnight, and again to-day at noon, must admit that the science of campanology has rarely achieved a

greater triumph than in its instance. The quality of tone which it gives forth is as rich and mellow as it is powerful, as sonorous as it is musical. One almost felt sorry that the twelfth and final stroke was not to be followed by at least as many more. The after vibrations, as the echoes of the sound and its generated "harmonies" gradually died away, like the vanishing colours of the rainbow—until, as the poet Shelley expresses it, "nothing lived 'twixt it and silence"—has a charm quite irresistible. The quarter chimes are musical enough; but the deep toned bell which tolls the hour is something unique. The Rev. Mr. Cattley, who has laboured so long and so successfully in the cause, may reasonably feel proud of his work, which, when the "Carillons"—the liberal gift of Mr. Alderman Lea—are ready for use, will be not only complete, but, perhaps, unrivalled. But a comparatively small sum is wanted to meet all requirements, and doubtless that sum will speedily be forthcoming.

The weather continues propitious, and all apprehensions with regard to the ultimate issue of the present festival are now set at rest. The Cathedral was well attended to-day, if not quite so well as yesterday. The performance included a selection from Handel's *Samson*, Hummel's *Mass* in E flat (No. 2) entire, and the first and second parts of Haydn's *Creation*. The giant thus came earliest to the front, and not only Hummel, but the unceasingly melodious and ever natural Haydn suffered by comparison. About *Samson*, the seventh of Handel's English oratorios (1743), immediate successor to the *Messiah*, and the one to which, if contemporary authority may be credited, he attached even a higher importance than to the *Messiah*, there is nothing new to say. Posterity has not endorsed Handel's opinion of this, one of his most cherished productions, any more than it has endorsed his opinion about *Theodora*, his penultimate oratorio—the so-called "last of all," *Triumph of Time and Truth*, being more or less of a pasticcio. Nevertheless, putting the *Messiah*, *Israel in Egypt* (so much of which is now indisputably proved not to be Handel's), and *Judas Maccabeus* aside, the oratorio of *Samson* stands, as it has long stood, and is likely to stand, next in the general favour both of amateurs and musicians. The chief soloists in *Samson* were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Patey, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Santley, who have so frequently been heard in the same pieces from the same oratorio, that it is enough to cite their names, and enough to add that Mr. T. Harper played the trumpet *obligato* part in "Let the bright Seraphim" as only he can play it. The solo vocal quartet in Hummel's Second *Mass* (to which we shall have again to refer) was represented by Madame Lemmens, Miss Alice Fairman, and Messrs. Rigby and Santley: while in the two parts from Haydn's *Creation*, with which this extraordinary long performance came to an end, Mdlle. Tietjens, Messrs. Edward Lloyd and Lewis Thomas were the "principals."

The attendance numbered 1,767 persons; the collection for the charity amounting to £124 9s. 2d.

At the second miscellaneous concert to-night the conspicuous features are a long selection from the *Allegro* and *Penseroso* of Handel, a symphony by Haydn, and the "Cornelius March" of Mendelssohn. Tomorrow, at the Cathedral, Bach's *Passion of St. Matthew*, and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* are to be given.

NAPLES.—A new three-act comic opera, *La Fiera*, by Signor Delfico, has been successfully produced at the Teatro del Fondo. The principal parts were very well sustained by Signora Nascio and Signor Montanaro.

BRESCIA.—A short time since, during a performance of Signor Verdi's *Forzo del Destino*, the gas suddenly went out, plunging the whole theatre in total darkness.

MADRID.—For the ensuing Italian operatic season, commencing, at the Teatro Real, on the 5th October, 1872, and terminating the 5th of April, 1873, the manager, Señor Robels, has engaged *prime donne*: Signora Saes, de Maesen, Guerini, Vogri, Fite Soula, Fortolini, and Latour; tenors: Signori Stagno, Barbacini, Leini, and Tintor; barytones: Signori Rota and Bacolini; basses: Signori Selva and Ordinas; and Luffo: Signor Fiorini. Señor Robels is, moreover, in negotiation with Mdlle. Christine Nilsson for a few performances towards the end of the season.—A Bach Society has been established for the purpose of performing the works of the great master whose name it bears.

WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

(From a Correspondent.)

More than twenty years have passed away since I first attended a "Festival of the Three Choirs" held in this, the "Faithful City," emphatically so called. On entering it again to-day I was forcibly struck at the many changes wrought in so short a time: those few years in their rapid flight have made a gulf so deep and wide as if centuries, not decades, had separated the past from the present. Cromwell's cannon at his "crowning mercy of Worcester" did not alter the features of the city so much as the rail has done. The havoc of men is not so desolating and destructive as the improvements of modern civilization. I was brought here on my first visit on a merry, rattling coach from a little station on the Midland Railway. The towns of the midland counties still loved the cheerful smack of the whip, and held in abhorrence the scream of the steam engine. Shrub Hill, then a pretty suburb, is now covered by a large station, and huge factories, that look like forlorn workshop-emigrations from Birmingham, are squatted on its gentle slopes. My first impressions of the place were that it was pretty and rural; now it looks as if it were the entrance into the dreary "black country." But if the town is not so pleasant, the cathedral is transformed to its pristine beauty; the houses, or rather hovels, that formerly clung like parasites upon the magnificent superstructure, hiding its glories like weeds in a fair garden, are now cleared away, and the building stands out from north to south, and east to west in all its native grandeur. Its interior, so encrusted with ages of whitewash, is renovated, and shines resplendent in polished marble and restored Gothic ornaments. The cloisters and close are no longer the mouldered and decayed passages so graphically portrayed in Mrs. Wood's *Channings*, but have become the fair portals of one of the noblest Gothic structures in England. In few places are the modern improvements in church architecture more visibly apparent than in Worcester Cathedral. Happily, it has been the coming week's festival, the home of music, the glorious shrine for pilgrims of the divine art to worship in. Yea, worship! for must not the utterers and listeners feel emotions of religious awe whilst engaged in the performance of the sublime oratorios to be given at the coming celebration? The associations of such a venerable and sacred place will lift the solemn holy themes far away from the usual mundane surroundings of the concert-room. The worthy Dean and his brethren of the Chapter are to be admired and thanked for resisting the specious, though hypocritical, pleadings of the "unco good," who see nought but blasphemy in the ancient observance of oratorio in a sacred edifice. Possibly some evil may be attached to so much that is exalted and pure. Alas! may it not be seen in the daily services of the church? Are the choristers, men and boys, who officiate thereat, better than their brethren of the orchestra? and are the themes less spirited by their being given with the gorgeousness of instrumental accompaniments, and with greater culture of vocal art? Full well I know that the sagacity and piety of the Very Reverend Dean Peel would ere this have discovered the inconsistency and profanity of the meetings if they existed. Such a patron as he, so pure in heart and so benevolent, who has lived a life of zeal for his Church, and active love for all—especially for the poor and needy—gives an authority that far outweighs the carplings of those whose Christianity is only of the negative order. For myself I cannot express the hallowed delight I have felt in listening to the Three Choir Festival performances. Possibly I may be somewhat unduly impressed with their affecting grandeur, for it was in Worcester Cathedral I first heard an entire oratorio: detached solos and choruses I had previously known, but when I listened, as it were entranced, to the moving sequences of the sublime musical drama, the *Messiah*, I felt carried to the very heights of musical bliss, as if on a seraph's wing, far away towards celestial regions. Years of constant acquaintance with the same music have not obliterated those, my first impressions, neither have they dulled my appetite for the exquisite pleasure each Church Festival affords. The love I had for them will be again renewed in the coming week. The well-known strains will be clothed with their old heavenly charms. Changed am I since first I heard them here; my grey hairs show it. Changed are the principal singers, many are dead, all are mute in public save one—our great tenor—who, alone,

with the amiable and accomplished conductor, remains amongst the prominent performers.

Changed are the audiences, how many loved faces shall I miss? Changed am I in thought, feeling, and appreciation of most things in life, yet my reverent love for our great oratorio is as quick and soul-absorbing as ever. The programme for the week is but little changed. Time has not yet dimmed the lustre of Handel, Haydn, and their younger brother composer, Mendelssohn. Many have entered the lists with them, but where are they now? They have proved to be but poor builders who have hewn materials from the musical mountains upheaved by those geniuses, to build unto themselves frail tenements that have speedily and ignominiously crumbled into dust and ruins.

PENCERDD GWFFIN.

MUSIC AT MUNICH.

The following are the particulars of the "Musical Academy," *alias* concert, given for the benefit of the National-Festival-Stage-Play enterprise at Bayreuth. It commenced with Herr R. Wagner's *Faust* Overture. This was as good as new to the public, having been played only once previously in Munich, when it was performed under the direction of the composer himself in 1865, at the Theatre Royal. Herr von Bülow was the conductor. On making his appearance, he was received with a storm of applause lasting several minutes. He gave the audience to understand by gesture that he did not take the ovation to himself, but considered it the due of the members of the orchestra, to whom he kept pointing. After the overture, Madame Mallinger sang the "Prayer" from *Tannhäuser*, and Herr Hartvigson, formerly a pupil of Herr von Bülow, played a Concerto by C. M. v. Weber. It must be mentioned that, with the exception of the first two pieces, there was nothing of Herr R. Wagner's in the programme. This was owing to Herr von Bülow's representing to the Committee that they would act most in accordance with Herr R. Wagner's wishes, if they chose works by the great heroes of days gone by, such as Mozart, Weber, and Beethoven. Madame Mallinger then sang the "Letter Air" from *Don Juan*; Herr von Bülow played a Pianoforte Sonata by Beethoven; and Herr Vogl sang the cyclical songs entitled: "An die ferne Geliebte," by the same master. The concert was brought to a close by Beethoven's magnificent Symphony in C minor, admirably executed by the band. At the conclusion, the applause was most enthusiastic, and Herr von Bülow had to come forward some half dozen times, and bow his thanks to the public. The members of the orchestra were as demonstrative as the audience, and presented him with a silver laurel wreath as a parting memento, for Herr von Bülow is about to leave Munich again very shortly. Loud cries of "Hurrah, Bülow! Bravo, Bülow! Stop here! Stop here!" were heard from the spectators. Herr von Bülow was moved to tears. He attempted to speak, but words failed him. By the way, it appears that since then, an arrangement has been effected, by which Herr von Bülow will not leave altogether. Though he will not resume his former post, for which Herr Levi of Karlsruhe has been engaged on his warm recommendation, he will act as "Royal Bavarian Chapellmaster out of active service," and conduct every year several operatic and other musical performances.—A new medal for distinguished merit in the domain of Science and Art was founded by the King on his last birthday, and conferred by him on Herr Siegl, operatic stage manager, and Mdlle. Sophie Diez, *Kammersängerin*. For the way in which he sustained the part of the hero in Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin*, on the occasion of the centenary festival of the University, Herr Vogl has received from his Majesty a magnificently carved tobacco-pipe mouth-piece, representing the Knight of the Swan. We are afraid the celebrated bird will soon lose its whiteness and become "nigro (que) similima cygno," as the Eton Latin Grammar has it.

ST. PETERSBURG.—M. Michael de Santis, formerly a student at the Leipzig Conservatory, has just completed a four-act opera, entitled *Jermak*. It has been accepted, and will be produced at the Russian Opera-house this next season.

LEIPZIG.—On the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the Pauliner Vocal Association, Dr. H. Langer, the musical director of that body, had the Knight's Cross of the Albert Order conferred upon him by the King of Saxony.—Mdle. Ilma di Murska has been playing a round of characters at the Stadttheater. She was an immense favourite.

TUNIS.—A new opera, *Le Nozze di Michelina*, by Signor Mariano di Montaubry, has been produced, and proved a failure.—The operas to be given during the ensuing carnival season at the Teatro Regio are *Tannhäuser*, by Wagner; *Manfredo*, by Petrella; *Il Guarany*, by Gomez; and *Ruy Blas*, by Marchetti.—A new mass was performed on the anniversary of the day on which King Charles Albert died. It is by Signor De Sanctis—not an inappropriate name.

LINCOLN CHURCH CHORAL UNION.

(From "The Guardian.")

A second triennial "meeting of parish choirs," which was held in Lincoln Cathedral recently, illustrated several, and showed solutions of some, of the little difficulties which attend the administration of Church choral festivals. Those who are impatient of any criticism of these meetings which assumes a possibility of making them such as may satisfy the musician, may take a lesson, and those who are inclined to despond of the entire movement, may gather hope, from the success—almost unqualified—which attended the proceedings on this occasion, though more was attempted in some respects than at most similar gatherings.

The festival "book" does not state who is responsible for the selection it contains; but we shall probably not be very wrong in crediting its good points, and debiting its bad ones, to the account of the active and thoughtful secretary of the Union, the Rev. H. W. Hutton, a Minor Canon in the Cathedral body, and, in the city, Rector of St. Mary Magdalene. Among its bad points must certainly be placed an arrangement of the *Benedicite* to three chants in triple time, which forms its first item, and which was set down to be sung, not avowedly as a processional, but "before the service." The three chants are vouched by three good names—Stainer, Turler, and Irons—but we doubt—or rather we do not doubt—whether any one of these three gentlemen would have deliberately placed the three chants in tonal sequence. The first is in G, and the second in D, which is well so far; but then, instead of returning to G, and thus preserving an equilibrium of key, we are taken to a third and final chant in three sharps, and the arrangement closes—if, as a whole, it can be considered to have any tonic at all—in the supertonic. The result of such a selection is, to say the least, discomfort. A chant in D following one in G is distinctly episodal in its effect; and when this is followed by one in A we have an episode of an episode; and the tonality, if not, strictly speaking, incoherent, is hopelessly out of balance. The effect of such a setting is, in fact, only a few removes from that of an unresolved dissonance. If this were all it would be enough to condemn the catenation of little melodies under observation; but when we add that to the three chants, cast in triple measure to run with the words of the *Benedicite*, is appended a fourth for the *Gloria Patri* in double measure, any musician whose ears are set on his head might well agree that torture could scarcely, in this particular line, go further. A similar disregard for consistent sequence of key is shown in the three chants for the Psalms, of which one is in A, the two others in G; nor was it conducive to comfort to hear a *Magnificat* in four sharps followed, after a very short special lesson, by *Nunc Dimittis* in one flat.

Here, however, fault-finding with the selection must end. Conspicuous among a swarm of similar manuals which give the response music in a form showing an ignorance both of its origin and its significance, the Lincoln book presents the plain-song in its true form of an echo (*mutatis mutandis*) to the Priest's versicles, and in its only proper seat, for congregational use, the treble part. Discarding any form of the many corrupted harmonisations to which confused tradition has appended the worthy name of Tallis, (forms which are sometimes cherished as "uses," with about as much title to that rank as the misprint in the Breeches Bible has to be considered an alternative "reading,") the editor of the Lincoln Festival-book gives an edition of this unique portion of the choral service which may be recommended—first, for its genuine presentation of the theme; and, secondly, for its added (modern) harmonies.

The main interest of the book, however, consisted in an anthem written for the occasion by the organist of the cathedral, Mr. J. M. W. Young, and a setting of the *Te Deum*, to be sung after the service, composed by Mr. Henry Hugo Pierson. Mr. Young's anthem affords an opening and a concluding full movement for the entire body of choirs, enclosing as a middle movement a more delicately designed, though not less simple, section for the cathedral choir alone. Thus the rural choirs, assembled in musical worship, play *xopos* to their more highly trained fellow singers of the minster, and, while admiring their most finished performance, are made to feel that it is but a portion of the one act of worship in which all are engaged.

Mr. Pierson's *Te Deum* was interesting, first, as being the work of Mr. Pierson. This gentleman is the English musician, settled in Germany, whose friends are accustomed to claim for him the honours of persecution by the English musical critics; whose *Jerusalem*, an oratorio, is held in affectionate esteem by many—not exclusively old-fashioned—English amateurs; and the production of whose *Hezekiah*, an oratorio, at a recent Norwich festival, some of our readers may remember. Those who held then that Mr. Pierson's music was neither remarkable enough to fire enthusiasm, nor ordinary enough to justify disregard, will find no reason to change their view in the modest little *Te Deum* which he sent over from Leipzig to be used at the Lincoln Festival. There is a firm touch and a sustained air of agreeable dignity about the composition; it tastes, moreover, neither of Nares

nor of Mendelssohn, nor yet of Gounod; but is original without being demonstrative, and satisfies without startling. In the second place, Mr. Pierson's *Te Deum* had interest as an experiment under singular conditions. An idea has been mooted and talked over at Lincoln—which, it will already have been gathered, is a more active centre of intelligent musical thought, than most cathedral cities—of arranging music for country choirs in three instead of four voice parts—two treble parts, that is to say, and a third part for the men, whether tenors or basses. Mr. Pierson's *Te Deum* was framed, by request, on this plan; and its men's voices' part (the key is B flat) keeps within the compass of one octave! Such a "partition" could scarcely fail to result in a certain monotony, and a certain loss of warmth and body; but a great deal has been done, in spite of the novel conditions; and there is special force in the part for men which has been constructed under the somewhat cramping circumstances. It is, however, much to be doubted whether there is any economy of tone-power in the novel method adopted. In the lower half of the octave reaching from the B flat on the second line of the bass stave upwards, tenors are virtually voiceless.

Having described at some length the interesting materials placed before the Lincolnshire choirs, we have but little space to speak of the actual performance. An almost uniform excellence in this respect fortunately renders comparative brevity possible. They do not attempt a processional—properly so-called—at Lincoln. A procession of surplised choirs and clergy entered and passed up the cathedral, while the unsurplised choirs stationed in their places in the eastern portion of the nave chanted *Benedicite* to the three chants already mentioned, the organ accompanying. A fixed choral centre of gravity is thus preserved; and although the special effect of a procession singing as it moves is sacrificed, the perils which so often prove fatal to a procession properly so-called are avoided. When we hear of a processional hymn sung under circumstances which led to its being purposely started a tone and a half above the pitch to which (it was calculated) the voices would sink before the last verse would be reached, and the organ should join in, it becomes time to consider whether such wretched results do not dictate more modesty in attempts. The plan adopted on the occasion under notice—though a compromise—succeeded completely. The prayers were monotoned with a ringing clearness by the Rev. G. T. Harvey, one of the Minor Canons; the Lessons, specially chosen (under the new Act), and approved by the Bishop on his arrival before the service—an afternoon one only, it should be stated—were read by Precentor Venables and Chancellor Massingberd.

Chanting has been a special study at Lincoln for many years past. Mr. Young, the organist, has edited a pointed Psalter, from which the Psalms (special, again, by permission of the Ordinary, under the Prayer-book—Tables of Lessons—Act, 1871,) were reprinted on the present occasion. The chief feature of this pointing is the use of commas in the recitation to meet rhetorical, not grammatical, requirements; grammatical stops are expunged, and a comma is inserted wherever it is desirable that a break in the continuity of the recitation should be made. The choirs went admirably through the Psalms, every one of Mr. Young's rhetorical commas meeting with its due observance, and all the well-considered expression marks of the book with strict attention. How much watchful supervision on the part of the choir-master to the Union (Mr. James Smith) such a result argues, need not be said. The responses must be mentioned again in this place, in order to record the profoundly devotional effect of the arrangement already described; the united enunciation by the choirs at "Because there is none other that fighteth for us, but only Thou O God," being, perhaps, the most impressive moment of the whole service; while, in the execution of Mr. Young's anthem, the perfect delivery of the chorister who took the treble solo, and the rich pellucid *timbre* of the boy's voice, must have afforded a pleasure to the listening country choirs which they will not soon forget; not to mention the quartet passages, of a lovely and affectionate simplicity, which fell to the singing men of the cathedral.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Prebendary Clements, and a collection made after it of £35 11s., an amount which, in view of the exceptional expenses attending the festival in consequence of its postponement from the day after the recent death of the Dean, we hope may be supplemented to an extent commensurate with the marked success of the Union's operations. Mr. H. Hugo Pierson's three part *Te Deum* proved in performance to have a certain undefinable charm, more religious and poetical than demonstratively triumphant, though there is a pleasant half-suggested martial tone lurking in its composition. At the conclusion of the service Mr. Young, the organist, played a MS. fugue of his own. J. C.

ROME.—Signori Petrella and Platania have had the Commander's Cross of the Italian Crown conferred upon them by King Victor Emmanuel, while Signor Gaetano Palloni has received the Knight's Cross of the same order.

EYLES' FUND.

THE SUB-COMMITTEE appointed to carry out the above object having resolved now to wind up this matter as expeditiously as possible, owing to the lamented decease of Miss EYLES, would feel obliged by your kindly remitting your promised Subscription to the undersigned, at your early convenience, if you have not already done so.

Immediately the total is realised, it will be applied in payment of Miss EYLES' debts (including her funeral expenses), according to the assurance given her; and any surplus will be divided amongst, and returned to, the Subscribers in proportion to the amount of their Subscriptions.

I am, yours faithfully,

EDWARD LAND, Treasurer.

P.S.—The accounts will be made up by the Treasurer as soon as possible, and a Statement, with List of Subscriptions, forwarded to the donors.

4, Cambridge Place, Regent's Park, N.W.,
July, 1872.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARK BLOTT (M. D.)—"I have supplied you with an argument, sir; I cannot give you brains." Such, or something to the same effect, was the reply of Dr. Johnson, to a person with whom he was once discussing. Our answer, in No. 33, to the whole of your question was perfectly plain. It is not we who are to blame if you cannot understand it.

J. W.—The Dominant.

EPHRAIM.—The admirable portrait to which you refer, and which appeared in *Vanity Fair*, is by Mr. C. Lvall. That gentleman left England about a fortnight since, to fulfil an engagement at the Italian Opera, New York, under the management of Messrs. Jarrett & Maretzek.

WINDSOR (New).—Not that we are aware of. We always thought that John Banister was the first Englishman who established pecuniarily successful concerts in London. No. 742 of the *London Gazette*, for December 30th, 1872, contains the following advertisement of the concerts: "These are to give notice that at Mr. John Banister's house, now called the Music school, over against the George tavern, in White Friars, this present Monday, will be Music performed by excellent masters, beginning precisely at four of the clock in the afternoon, and every afternoon for the future, precisely at the same hour."

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1872.

MUSIC AT THE EISTEDDFOD.

A WELSH EISTEDDFOD is all-embracing. Nothing is too lofty, and few things are too humble for its cognizance. Art, science, and industry alike come within its range. At Portmadoc lately, there were competitions in poetry, music, literature, painting, stocking-making, yarn-spinning, slate-splitting and dressing, modelling, and twenty other varied departments of human skill. But, one branch of art stood pre-eminent, alike by having the lion's share of the general scheme, and by the attention it excited among the audience. Need it be said that we refer to music?—the art which Welshmen love beyond all other. Music was enthroned at Portmadoc throughout the Eisteddfod, and visitors to the place had it, like the famous old lady of Banbury Cross, wherever they went. It began early in the morning with the procession of the President,

and it continued till late in the evening, with slight intermission. For music's sake the Cambrian amateur gathered in his thousands, even on the Thursday night, which witnessed a down-pour of rain, suggestive of old fashioned pictures of the Deluge. Once inside the Pavilion, though torrents, beating on the wooden roof, almost drowned the singers' voices; though leaky places let in water, which, descending upon umbrellas, saturated the floor; and though the consciousness of having to reach home cast a shadow upon enjoyment, none the less did the Welsh audience hold bravely out to the end. They could not have too much of their favourite art, nor endure too much on its account. Yet with all this devotion, the Eisteddfod music was by no means of a satisfactory character. We except, of course, the performances of artists like Miss Wynne, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. John Thomas, whose position outside Wales removes them from consideration when speaking of Welsh music. What may be called the native contingent left much to desire, not only in the matter of performance, but as regards the things performed. It suggested, indeed, that with all the unquestionable love of music which animates our Celtic friends, and all their efforts, continuously made, for its advancement, they have not gone beyond an elementary degree of efficiency. What, for example, was the character of the programmes? They were simply such programmes as would not be tolerated among the "backward" English on any occasion of equal dignity and importance;—programmes such as are only admissible at scratch entertainments in country towns. The Eisteddfod, we should remember, is no "scratch" affair; but a solemn festival representative of the best that can be done by the province in which it is held. Alas! for the musical culture of Snowdonia, if its best be the odds and ends presented at Portmadoc. It may be suggested that the managers, when selecting a miscellaneous group of Welsh airs and hackneyed foreign pieces, underrated the taste of their public; but this we doubt, for excellent reasons. In point of fact, the better the music performed, the less warm its reception; as Miss Wynne discovered when, with misplaced faith in her countrymen, she brought forward Weber's *scena*, "Ocean, thou mighty monster." The talented lady sang her best, and what that best is need not be said; but she might just as well have flung pearls before those of our fellow creatures whose sympathies are on the side of acorns. Two Welsh bards, named respectively Mynyddog and Tanymarian, were more successful—they provided the acorns. Neither had the smallest pretension to the name of singer—in fact Tanymarian could only be considered tolerable in a taproom—but they pattered comic songs in Welsh, and were applauded as heroes. What is the plain inference from this? as well as from the lassitude and indifference with which Mr. John Thomas's *Bride of Neath Valley* was received? The inference is—and no fiery Welsh invective can shake it—that musical taste in the land of Eisteddfodau remains in a low condition.

A conclusion similar to that just stated was pointed to by the nature of the competing performances. Here, however, let us hasten to be just. All the choirs which took part demonstrated the excellent material at command. Excepting, perhaps, the tenors, the voices were uniformly resonant, bright and powerful; while, without exception, they sang with a vigour and precision beyond praise. Further than this, however, we cannot go. Their music was, for the most part, poor stuff by native composers, and refinement and expression were conspicuously absent. We fully expect to hear from irate Welsh bards that our opinion is the result

of Saxon prejudice; especially as various men of high degree—chiefly M.P.'s, who may soon want votes,—have just flattered them galore. But may we ask, in anticipation, whether the reception of the Welsh choir at the Crystal Palace was an evidence of Saxon prejudice? To be plain, there is no prejudice, though the gratuitous abuse of England and the English, so common at Eisteddfod meetings, might well provoke retaliation. *Apropos* of that abuse, Mr. Osborne Morgan, M.P. for Denbigh, made himself conspicuous at Portmadoc, and crowed lustily over the Welsh success at Sydenham. He compels us to state the simple facts of that success—facts not mentioned at the time, because to have mentioned them would have been, like Mr. Morgan's speech, gratuitous discourtesy. It is true that the Welsh choralists sang with spirit; that they knew their work, and possessed fine voices; but it is also true that had any average English choir chosen to compete they would have been beaten "out and out." We confidently appeal to every musician who heard them whether this is not the case. Moral:—Let the Welsh choralists go on improving themselves—there is plenty of room ahead—and not court rebuke by useless and silly braggings. Too long have our ardent neighbours allowed their ardour vent in the direction of self-admiration, as who should say "Thank heaven we are not as other men, nor even as this Sassenach." Let them now devote themselves wholly to self-culture. By-and-by, perhaps, they will be able to wrest the victory from us in a fair stand-up fight. At present they rejoice about a "walk over" which tested nothing.

—o—
 "PERCY, take your elbows off the table, sir!"—"Edith, sit up straight; I declare your shoulders are as round as a hoop."—"Palgrave, do not make such a noise when you drink!" Who has not heard directions of this description issued by anxious parents, or emanating from conscientious nurses (especially if the mamma was present), for the behoof of the olive branches assembled round the table at meal time? In the course of the repast, moreover, it is no rare thing for the above phrases to be supplemented by some sort of appeal in this style: "Can't you behave like little ladies and gentlemen!" Here we have it. Great care is taken to make the juvenile members of Society little ladies and gentlemen. The consequence is that they grow up very proper and elegant, and, more than aught else, well-bred. They are taught to be fearfully shocked if anyone they meet at table uses a steel knife with his salmon; pours his hock into the wrong glass; or drinks the rose water handed round for him to dip his fingers in. They are, also, taught, of course, as they grow older, that it would almost be preferable to go barefoot, like a Highland gillie, than carry home from the bootmaker's a pair of boots or shoes in the guise of a brown paper parcel. But their attention is likewise directed to the fact that it is consistent with the laws of Society for a gentleman to walk along the most crowded streets, and traverse the most aristocratic squares, with two or three brace of "birds" dangling from his hand. Indeed, it is "the correct thing to do;" at least, so we have been told by a friend who keeps a yacht, and once slapped the Prince of Wales on the shoulder, in a crowd at a fire, when he mistook his Royal Highness for an intimate acquaintance. If he is not an authority on such matters, we do not know who is.

But there is one thing, we regret to say, which Society too frequently forgets, or neglects to teach some of her most high-born votaries, in whose veins the *sangre azul* is

as deep of tint as Prussian blue. She fails to impress upon them the fact that among the most essential rules of good breeding is the rule: Those who frequent places of public amusement should behave properly when there. It is, no doubt, very harrowing to come across individuals ignorant of the laws which obtain in Belgravia, and which are so scrupulously obeyed by those beings in a lower strata of Society, whose misfortune and not whose fault it is that they are conspicuous by their absence from the first and uppermost. As far as we are ourselves concerned, we are not so particular; we feel sure we could forgive a man for partaking twice of soup, and even survive his drinking tea out of a saucer. Misconduct at places of public amusement, however, we cannot forgive, however elevated the position which the offenders may occupy in the columns of the journals most dear to our old friend Jeames. Can anything be more objectionable, can anything be in worse taste than the practice, unfortunately so prevalent, and among "the best people," of talking and laughing at the Opera, at concerts, and at other entertainments? "Oh! it can never be put down," we hear some one exclaim. Why not? It has hitherto defied every attempt at suppression, we know. Still we do not despair. Other abuses have dropped into disuse. Why should not this? At the beginning of the present century, personal encounters were usual occurrences in the pit of our London theatres, while the advice to "pitch him over!" was frequently tendered, and occasionally accepted, in the gallery. Now, we may fairly say, such unseemly pugilistic encounters are unknown. In the sister metropolis of Dublin, where audiences are a trifle more excitable than here, when does a son of Erin now recklessly hurl one of his fellow gods into the abyss below? When, mindful of the fine feeling of economy manifested by an Irishman of former days, does he even gently facilitate a man's descent into the orchestra? The Hibernian model of frugality, to whom we allude, perceiving a friend about to send flying through space a gentleman with whom he had had a slight dispute, exclaimed reprovingly: "Och! Pat, dear, send him round here, and I'll dhrop him on a fiddler. Don't waste him!"

If the talking and laughing of which we complain were inaudible to all save those interested therein, we should still deplore the bad taste and petty vanity of those who, to show that they have seen the performance scores of times before—for there is assuredly something of this feeling at work, even though unconsciously, mayhap—pay not the slightest attention to what is taking place on the stage or in the orchestra, though each of their sofa-stalls costs a price that is not reckoned in shillings, or the sum they give every season for their box on the grand tier would be considered a tolerable rent for a model lodging-house. The harm wrought by offenders of this class does not end with themselves. Their pernicious example engenders a host of imitators among the snobs who are always aping the manners, or want of manners, of those above them, and who so dearly love a lord. If the delinquents reflected on this, perhaps they would at once discontinue their unseemly conduct, just as they discard any particular fashion the moment it breaks out in Baker Street, or begins to rage violently at Clapham Rise.

But for people thus to misconduct themselves is more than a piece of ill-breeding; it is a serious public nuisance and positive act of dishonesty. The reader may, like Horatio, observe: "Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so." We reply with Hamlet: "No, faith, not a jot." The person who, by his talking and laughing, pre-

vents his neighbours from hearing and enjoying the performance, robs them of that which they paid to see and hear; he is as much a thief as if he stole their purses or made off with their watches. In equity, if not in law, he is bound to refund his victims their admission money, pay their expenses for dress, conveyance, etc.; and compensate them for loss of time. This may be deemed a strange theory, but it is, nevertheless, as surely true as that two and two make four.

The subject is one that has frequently been discussed ere this, and occasionally in these columns. That is no reason why we should not return to it, as we do now, or take it up again at some future period, as we intend doing. We have great faith in the drop of water, and the "non vised semper cadendo" principle, a principle Englished by President Grant, if we remember rightly, into "pegging away." A dentist does not abandon all hope of extracting a tooth, be it ever so firmly fixed in the socket, simply because he fails the first time he applies his forceps; so, when an abuse has struck such deep root into Society as to defy our earlier attempts at eradication, the only plan is to peg away at it till our efforts are crowned with success, and peg away at it we will.

L. T.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE renowned pianist, Herr Leopold de Meyer—the "Lion Pianist," as he used to be not inappropriately called—has been on a short visit to London. He should have come earlier in the season. He would have been heard with the surprise and pleasure that are invariably created by the exhibition of original genius united with marvellous executive power.

A FRIEND called one day upon the poet Grillparzer, and found him sitting with Chrysander's *Life of Handel* lying open before him.—"Well, what do you think of the work?" enquired the visitor.—"Oh! It is an exceedingly good book" replied Grillparzer, "only," he added in his unmistakable Viennese accent, "the mere description of music is not much more satisfying than the account of a dinner."

THE professions of tenor-singer and wrestler are not usually combined in one and the same person. But they sometimes are, it appears; and we learn from a foreign contemporary that an individual thus representing both vocal music and athletic pastimes is at present resident at Toulouse. This unusually gifted man lately advertised that he would publicly allow a stone weighing two hundred kilogrammes to be broken to pieces upon his stomach, and, moreover, that he would sing a song while the stone-breaking was in progress. He must, indeed, be a *tenore robusto*, or, if the reader prefer it, a *tenore di forza*.

SPEAKING of the statue which, it has been decided, is to be erected in Vienna to Beethoven, the Brussels *Guide Musical* says that some persons affirm it may possibly be inaugurated during the approaching Grand Exhibition next year. This assertion, however, is open to considerable doubt. Our contemporary goes on to remark: It must be acknowledged that the city of Vienna is as fitting a locality for a statue of Beethoven as Bonn. Beethoven quitted his native town at a very early age. It was at Vienna that he terminated his musical studies; it was at Vienna that his genius was developed; it was at Vienna that he lived, that he produced his immortal works, and that he died. His statue could not be erected more appropriately anywhere else. All Europe will take part in this act of homage, as it took part in that at Bonn. Such an artist as Beethoven may well be glorified twice. Bonn had but one reminiscence, and one date of which to boast. At Vienna, everything will speak of Beethoven himself, of his career, and of his works. Beethoven is not the only composer to whom a statue has been raised in other places than his native town. Long before Mons paid such a tribute of admiration and gratitude to Lassus, a bronze statue of the author of the *Penitential Psalms* was erected

in one of the public squares of Munich, at the expense of the King of Bavaria. Munich was the adopted city of Lassus, as Vienna was that of Beethoven. As chapelmaster of Albert III, and William, Dukes of Bavaria, it was in their capital that Lassus spent the greater part of his long and laborious career. Munich is, as it were, his home; but, for all that, Mons has not forfeited the right of honouring his memory. In a word, the home of a great man is every spot where he has left grand memorials, and where his genius was properly appreciated.

THERE is now in Boston, U.S., so, at least, says one of the leading journals of that city, an individual who goes by the name of Sweet William. He is so handsome that it is seriously contemplated depriving him of the privilege of attending church; he prevents the female part of the congregation from attending to their devotions.

A SHORT time since, a member of the orchestra at one of the small Parisian theatres was, for some reason or other, fined two francs. On treasury-day, the acting manager said to the offender: "Salary, twenty-seven francs; fine, two francs; you have twenty-five francs to receive." The manager, who acted as his own treasurer, handed over a roll of twenty-five francs, and the recipient, in no very pleasant mood, went home. On opening the roll, however, he found it contained twenty-five pieces of twenty francs each, or five hundred francs. He immediately ran back, and informed the manager of the mistake. "I never make a mistake," answered the manager proudly. When, however, the musician gave him ocular proof that the roll contained five hundred instead of twenty francs, he acknowledged he was wrong, and added: "You are an honourable man, sir, and deserve to be rewarded." Then, turning to his acting manager he asked: "How much has been deducted from this gentleman's week?" "Two francs," said the official. "Very well, then," replied the manager, magnanimously, "give him back twenty sous."

ACCORDING to a Paris paper, French actors appear to have decided turn for trade. Thus, Levassor dealt in ribbons; in whatever town he went to "star," he exhibited his wares for sale. Mdlle. Maxime, once the rival of the great Rachel, kept a hotel in the Rue de la Michodière. Mdlle. Rossi, of the Opéra-Comique, carried on the same business on the Havre Road. So did Lepeintre, Senr., in the Rue Monsigny, only he failed. Hittmanns is a dealer in hardware. Déroselle, of the Odéon, was a bellows manufacturer. Lemaire, of the Opéra-Comique, was, all his life, a wine-merchant at Belleville. Mdlle. Guichard, the clever and pretty soubrette of the Opéra National, left the stage to turn dealer in diamonds. Julian, a popular tenor in the provinces, who appeared also with success at the Grand Opéra, Paris, is a wine merchant in the Rue Caumartin. Marie, the barytone at the Opéra, and father of Mdlle. Galli of the Opéra-Comique, kept a tobacco-shop on the Boulevard de Strasbourg.

HAMBURG.—The manager of the Stadttheater has been placed in a most embarrassing situation by the sudden illness of Madame Destinn-Löwe, whom he had engaged as his *prima donna*, and who was to have inaugurated the season by appearing as Selika in *L'Africaine*. The lady's illness was most serious, and there is not the slightest chance for a long time of her being able to resume her professional duties.

BOLOGNA.—Great dissatisfaction has been excited in consequence of a demand made by the Syndic for one thousand six hundred lire, or francs, in addition to the amount already voted for the expense of getting up and performing *Lohengrin*. Of the sum thus claimed, eleven hundred francs are to defray the Syndic's travelling expenses to Vienna and Munich, on business connected with Herr R. Wagner's opera, and five hundred francs for a grand banquet given to the artists engaged in it.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.—M. Gustave Garcia, from London, has given a *matinée musicale* with great success. The *France du Nord*, writing about it, remarks that "M. Garcia comes from a good school, or, we had better say, perhaps, of a good family; a family whose name he honourably bears. M. Garcia's voice is sure, he manages it skillfully, and he overcomes difficulties with ease. M. Garcia also possesses a gift, rare in these days, of thoroughly entering into the spirit of the song he is interpreting, and, with this charm, perfect judgment in the choice of *moreaux* suited to his means. In a word, M. Garcia is an artist in the fullest meaning of the term."

PROVINCIAL.

GREAT MALVERN.—The *Malvern News* informs us that Mr. and Mrs. Richard Blagrove have given a recital of concertina and pianoforte music, and says:—

"The playing both of Mr. and Mrs. Blagrove was highly finished, and the introduction of the baritone and clarinet concertinas gave a fullness, freshness, and variety to the entertainment that was really charming. The Adagio from Spohr's *Last Judgment* was simply magnificent, and was applauded to such an extent that Mr. Blagrove was compelled to comply with the request. Mrs. Blagrove was encored in 'When other lips,' but instead of repeating it she gave 'The Harmonious Blacksmith,' with variations. The 'recital' concluded with variations on Scotch airs, Mr. Blagrove being once more encored."

MANCHESTER.—The *Examiner and Times* gives the following account of the brass band contest at Belle Vue Gardens:—

"The twentieth annual brass band contest took place at the Gardens on Monday, September 2nd. Five money prizes, of a total value of £74, were offered by Messrs. Jennison, in addition to a silver medal to each prize winning band; and extra prizes, as undernoted in the prize list, were given by Mr. Joseph Higham, musical instrument maker, Victoria Street; and by Mr. S. A. Chappell, Bond Street, London. The prizes awarded by Mr. Joseph Higham, in pursuance of his practice for the last twenty years, amounted in value to £84. Twenty bands, consisting, in accordance with the regulations, entirely of amateur musicians, entered the competition, which was listened to by an audience numbering fully 10,000 people, resident in Manchester, and excursionists from various towns. The following bands entered for the contest:—

Robin Hood Rifle Band, Nottingham; 34th Staffordshire Rifle Volunteers, Wednesbury; Leeds Model, Leeds; Meltham Mills, Huddersfield; Healey Hall, Rochdale; Linthwaite, Linthwaite; Russell and Sons' Tabeworks, Wednesbury; Over Darwen Rifles, Darwen; Greenhalgh's, Preston; Buttershaw Mills, Bradford; Bury Borough, Bury; Beases-o'-th-Barn, near Manchester; Darwen Temperance, Darwen; Saltaire, Saltaire; Nelson, Nelson; 23rd Lancashire Artillery Volunteers, Chorley; Brighouse, Brighouse; Saddleworth Rifles, Saddleworth; Stalybridge Borough, Stalybridge; Elland Upper Edge, Elland; 4th Lancashire Rifle Volunteers, Cloughfold; Stalybridge Old Band, Stalybridge; Bridgnorth, Bridgnorth; Altrincham, Altrincham.

The contest lasted from 1 p.m. until close upon 8 o'clock. The judges were Mr. Charles Godfrey, bandmaster, Royal Horse Guards (Blue), Windsor; Mr. A. J. Phaeay, bandmaster, St. Georges Rifles, London; Mr. A. G. Crowe, bandmaster, 14th Hussars, Newbridge, Ireland. In accordance with their decision, the following prizes were awarded: £20 to the Robin Hood Rifle Band, Nottingham; and a monster double B flat bass, elaborately mounted, presented by Mr. Higham; £20 to the Saltaire Band, in addition to a Courtois tenor horn in B flat, presented by Mr. S. A. Chappell; £12 to the Meltham Mills Band; and Mr. Higham's prize of an E flat contra bass; £7 to the Beases-o'-th-Barn Band, and a B flat bass euphonium from Mr. Higham; and £5 to the Bury Borough Band, and a B flat cornet, gold mounted, presented by Mr. Higham. For the best soprano solo, a Courtois trumpet in F was presented by Mr. Chappell to a player in the Linthwaite Band, and, by the same gentleman, a member of the Robin Hood Band, who was adjudged to be the best B flat cornet player, was awarded a B flat bugle horn."

NOTTINGHAM.—The *Daily Guardian*, of Sept. 9th, informs us that:—

"Mr. W. Pyatt commenced the concert season on Saturday night with a popular shilling concert. The Mechanics' Hall was crowded to excess, and the arrangements for admission were of the most excellent character. The vocalists were Madame Patey, Mrs. Pemberton, and Mr. J. W. Turner. The former was in splendid voice, and her singing was, in fact, the great feature of the evening. She was twice recalled. Mr. J. W. Turner was in tolerably good voice, and received an encore after giving 'Come into the garden Maud.' Mr. Pyatt's part-song choir, under the conductorship of Mr. F. M. Ward, sang several selections in a creditable manner, but the sopranos and contraltos want strengthening. In addition to the singing there were performances by Mr. H. Farmer, on the violin, and by Mrs. Gould, on the piano. Mr. Farmer played exquisitely, and was recalled. His popularity as a violinist is undoubted, and his talents reflect credit on his native town. Mrs. Gould, in the duet from *La Sonnambula*, and the solo she played, showed herself to be a pleasing performer. The concert was an excellent commencement of Mr. Pyatt's series, and that gentleman again bids fair to gather at his concerts immense assemblages of his fellow townsmen, who appreciate his spirit in providing music no one else does. Mr. Pyatt's next concert is on Saturday evening, September 28th, when Mr. Santley and his party will appear. Of course everybody will be anxious to hear Mr. Santley."

DUBLIN.—During the past fortnight, an excellent series of concerts have been given in the Exhibition Palace. The chief attractions of which were Mr. Lazarus (solo clarinet), Mr. Nicholson (solo flute), Mr. Hughes (solo ophecleide), and Madame Thaddeus Wells (vocalist). The latter, by the bye, had the honour of a special command from Her Royal Highness, the Princess Mary of Cambridge, to sing at Alton Towers, the magnificent residence of the Earl of Shrewsbury, a few days before appearing in Dublin. The managers of the Exhibition deserve great credit for bringing to this city such famous instrumentalists. The very charming band of the 1st Dragoon Guards performed subsequently.

ALTON TOWERS.—We read in the *Leicester Journal* that:—

"On the day devoted to the grand choral festival of amalgamated choirs, a morning concert in the Talbot Gallery, and the meeting of the Church Defence Association, passed off most successfully. A lovely day brought thousands of visitors to the far-famed seat of Lord Shrewsbury. The singing of the choirs in the chapel proved how thoroughly well Mr. Barlow (of Leek), his lordship's private organist, had done his work. The morning concert was crowded; we subjoin the programme: Glee, 'Here in cool grot,' the choir; song, 'Spirit of air,' Miss McLauchlan; song, 'Fou de Tolède,' M. Castel; duet, 'O'er the bonnie Clyde,' Miss Rodwell and Miss McLauchlan; song, 'My ancestors were Englishmen,' Mr. Bradshaw; song, 'La Manola,' Mdlle. Dubois; *duet, 'Io Vivo e't amo,' Lady Theresa and Lady Guendolen Talbot; madrigal, 'Come o'er the brook, Bessie,' the choir; *duet, 'Lo! here the gentle lark,' (voice and flute), Madame Thaddeus Wells and Mr. Nicholson; song, 'Friend of the brave,' Mr. Wood; *song, 'The brook,' Mrs. Caulfield; *song, Lady Hopetoun; glee, 'The chough and crow,' the choir; 'God save the Queen.' Those pieces marked with an asterisk seemed to find most favour with the distinguished and numerous audience (which included the Princess Mary, the Duke of Teck, and all the visitors staying in the house), and loud encores were demanded. The duet by the Ladies Talbot was repeated, but as the time for the meeting of the Church Defence Association was rapidly approaching it was evidently impossible to comply with the wishes of the audience for all of them to be gone through again. Lord Shrewsbury therefore requested the Princess to kindly draw one name (written on paper) to accept an encore, and this proved to be Mrs. Caulfield, who therefore again delighted the audience with her charming vocalization. After dinner a *petite* concert was improvised, for the gratification of the visitors in the house, at which Lady Hopetoun, Mrs. Caulfield, Madame Thaddeus Wells, Mr. Henry Nicholson, and Mr. Nicholson, jun., assisted."

ANECDOTE OF PAULINE LUCCA.

(From the "Fremdenblatt.")

Pauline Lucca, on her arrival at Vienna in August of this year immediately paid a visit to her old singing-master, Ruprecht, who received her in a somewhat melancholy tone. "Where"—asked Lucca, impromptu—"is Madame Ruprecht?" Ruprecht, with a sign significant enough, called out to his wife, who was in another room, where she had long lain an invalid without hope of recovery. "Now"—said her husband—"you will get well again; Pauline is here." When Pauline was in her childhood, Madame Ruprecht had given her lessons in pianoforte playing. The now renowned pupil hurried to the bedside of her much loved instructress, who, already blind, recognising her by her voice alone, raised her hand, and said—"Who could forget that voice? I have blessed you, my child. You have come to me in my last hour, and I fancy I see you as of old."—That same day Madame Ruprecht died.

BRUNSWICK.—Herr Abt is composing a comic oporetta, the libretto of which is from the pen of a young author, Heinrich Lindau.

CARLSBAD.—A concert was lately given in the garden of the Posthof, for the benefit of the Pension-Fund of the Kurorchestra, or band of the Kursaal. The programme was exceedingly well selected. One of the solo pieces most loudly applauded was a Concertino for the Harp, with Orchestral Accompaniment, by Mr. Charles Oberthur. It was played by a very popular fair artist of the town, Mdlle. Anna Dubez, who did full justice to it. A peculiar zest was imparted to her performance by the fact that the composer himself was present, and thanked Mdlle. Dubez, as well as the conductor, Herr Aug. Labitzky, in the most flattering terms, for the very admirable manner in which the Concertino had been played. Another prominent feature in the programme was a "Concert-Air for Tenor-Violin," by Herr Josef Labitzky, the executant being Herr Hartl. It produced a favourable impression.

WANTED: A NATIONAL HYMN.*

(Concluded from page 569.)

Spontini's "Borussia"—words by Joh. Friedr. Leop. Duncker, sung for the first time on the 18th October, 1818, in the Opera-house, Berlin—deserves as little consideration here as Neithardt's "Preussenlied." Apart from the fact of their both being specifically Prussian, they are anything but national songs.

The notion of remodeling, and of casting into a new shape, the words of Spontini's "Borussia," so as to adapt them to the present day, was circulated in several papers some weeks ago. But it was an unhappy one; the composition was never popular, and never will be. The same may be asserted, in a certain sense, of the "Preussenlied." It is an admirable, and peculiarly effective composition—when sung by a Zschiesche; but the instrumental treatment is little adapted for even a simple chorus, far less for great masses. We have ourselves very often heard the people fashion the unpopular melodic progressions to suit themselves, and we know what the song becomes in the operation. We have heard, also, just as often, what the words become, or rather what they do not become. As a general rule, there are some hitches in the machinery, even during the first strophe, and it is most certainly brought to a perfect standstill in the second. The strophes, and even the separate lines, are too long, the consequence being that the words cannot be retained in the memory of the masses.

What remains to be done?—We have a new German Empire, and we have a new German Emperor, but we have no national song. When, in times gone by, the Empire existed in strength and grandeur, it was without such a song, just as it is now, but it did not require one, because song was, at that period, the property of an exclusive artistic class. When song was subsequently beginning to be common property, the splendour of the Empire had long been a thing of the Past; its children were tearing each other to pieces, and their hosts marched to battle to the strain: "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott." Once more the times have changed. It would, perhaps, be tolerably easy to arrive at some agreement, if the question turned upon a religious song; but what the masses now want is a national song of a lay character.

Of national minstrels we have certainly had plenty. If we look at the German Parnassus, we find a great number of songs referring with joy and pride to the German Fatherland, and bringing prominently forward this or that of its various characteristics, but there is not one satisfactorily expressing the feeling which, at this precise moment, causes the heart of every German to glow, when he thinks of the unification of his country, which has at last been effected. What is the German Fatherland? The endless questions to this effect contained in an imposing number of verses are no longer appropriate.

Of the numerous patriotic songs of the Past, there are really only two that hit anything like the tone required, the consequence being that people still sing them far and wide. They are: "Ich hab' mich ergeben," and "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles." The words of the former, written by Hans Ferdinand Massmann, in 1820, correspond only partially to the vigour which a German national song ought to possess; it is the melody which has rendered the composition so popular among the masses. The composer is unknown; his work resembles a Thuringian-folk's melody, and can be traced back to about 1819; it is distinguished by the same simple and grand treatment as Carey's Hymn. The second of the two songs was written, in 1841, by Hoffmann von Fallersleben to Jos. Haydn's melody composed in 1797 for the Austrian National Hymn, "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser." Do we want to be dependant on the Austrians for a loan? No one probably would agree to this: besides, Hoffmann demands the land "Von der Maass bis an die Memel, von der Etsch bis an den Belt" ("from the Meuse up to the Memel, from the Adige to the Belt").

Nothing, therefore, remains for us but to look round and see what the Present has produced. It has been rich enough in instances of grandiose inspiration, and hundreds, including the best names which Germany may proudly call her own, have struck the chords of their lyre.

* "Ein Wort zur Zeit," by W. Lackowitz. *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

There was one song which flashed through the land like lightning; it was already somewhat old, but it suddenly resounded simultaneously in the East and in the West, in the North and in the South. Well, indeed, did the composer and the author earn the gold medal, for thousands and thousands, inspired by their song, marched to meet a hero's death on the field of battle. But is Max Schneckenburger's "Wacht am Rhein," with Carl Wilhelm's music to it, the national song we want? Certainly not, for, had it a right to be so, that right would already have been anticipated in 1841, by Nicolas Becker's Rhine-song, "Sie sollen ihn nicht haben." The circumstances to which these songs refer are merely temporary and special. Such songs lose their significance on the cessation of the special cause which gave them birth; to bring this about, there needs no poet to arise and brandish the lash over Max Schneckenburger, as Heinrich Heine whilom poured out his venomous sarcasm over Nicolas Becker.

Whether among the hundreds of songs published in newspapers, pamphlets, small volumes, and entire collections, since the ever memorable July, 1870, there may be one or two adapted to become a German National Hymn is a fact which it is not here our place to decide.

But it is the place of the German composer to do so.

We think that, in the preceding observations, we have satisfactorily shown what we need and what would evidently be received with open arms by the entire German people. Well, then, ye German composers, look around upon the Parnassus of new Germany, and see whether you can find verses which have clothed in words the mighty pulsation of Old Germany, which, simple and unpretending, but grand and true, appeal to the heart of every one among us, let him be noble or humble, let him inhabit a palace or a hut. Look around; it is scarcely to be assumed that you will search in vain. And when you have found the verses you require, marry with them your art which, equally simple and unpretending, but grand and true, is capable of clothing in tone even the mighty pulsation of Old Germany, and your offering will be received with rapturous delight. Unfortunately, simplicity and plainness have become as rare in musical composition as in other things. The eagerness of the time for rapid successes has attacked even the world of art. What is small and simple is left on one side, or even contemptuously trodden down in the dust; the young artist wants to conquer the world at one blow, and heaps *Ossa* upon *Olympus*. While he is struggling to carry out grand ideas, for which all possibly available means are called into requisition, he loses sight of what is simple, of what speaks to the heart and fascinates the hearer, and he achieves nothing. The great masters never considered it beneath them to devote occasionally their strength to what was small or simple; it was precisely in such cases that their genius frequently showed the most magnificent bloom, entrancing every one with its magic perfume, and contributing more than aught else to extend the composer's fame in places where nothing was known of his more gigantic works. But let us leave out of consideration the Titans of composition. What made Schubert so great and so popular? It was his songs. His name had already passed among the public from mouth to mouth, when his greater compositions were as good as unknown. To what did Felix Mendelssohn owe his popularity? Not to his grand instrumental and vocal works, any more than Schubert. It was his songs and pianoforte pieces, his art in small and simple things, which rendered him known in every village, and in every house. How simple and unpretentious, yet how artistic and effective, is he in such things! Were it otherwise, how could Mme. Joachim have lately achieved such a success with a modest little song like "Leise zieht durch mein Gemüth?"

In cases like this nothing more nor less than an act of self-abnegation is required. A melody for a national song needs no display, no expenditure of artistic resources, but only a great thought. This, however, is precisely the thing in which the world is so poor, the thing which only one among thousands can produce from out the deluge of every day trivialities. What we want is a thought for millions, simple and unpretending, but expressed with grandeur and truth, and transfigured in tone.

There has never been a grander period than the present for our native land; never has enthusiasm run higher. This grand period demands from every one of us vigorous action, to whatever

grade of society we belong, under whatever circumstances we may be placed. This summons of the period is addressed to the artist as well as to others. The poets first heard, and then the painters followed step by step, the great deeds of the new nation of German brothers, rendering them immortal with pencil and with brush.

Music must not remain behind. As yet, she has done but little, though, certainly, it was she who, among the arts, came forward practically to assist in staying the tears of blood; at innumerable concerts and performances, she placed herself at the service of her native land, and earned the thanks of thousands.

May German composers not neglect the call made upon them; let them show in a German National Song what all-compelling power lies concealed within the sphere of tune; let them show that it is this power, which, from generation to generation, can kindle the flames of enthusiasm at all times, and under all circumstances. May Music not forget to contribute her stone to the edifice now being reared in new magnificence and splendour!

WAIFS.

Signor Caravoglia left London for Paris on Tuesday.

Mr. John Thomas (harapist to Her Majesty) has returned to town.

The new organ for the Town Hall, Bombay, is now on view at the builders, Messrs. Bishop & Starr.

Mr. Frederic Penna, the accomplished barytone, has returned to London from a tour through Belgium.

Mr. Charles Oberthur, the accomplished harapist, has returned from his tour through Germany.

Madame Florence Lancia is engaged for the Norwich Festival and for Mr. Santley's tour in the provinces.

Miss Dove Dolby, the charming young English vocalist, was recently married to Signor Alessandri Boetti, "Artista di Canto," in Milan.

The Misses Edith and Gertrude Holman Andrews have just concluded a very successful engagement at the Assembly Rooms, Margate.

The *Cuba*, with Madame Pauline Lucca, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Herr Rubinstein, and other distinguished persons on board, arrived safely at New York on Tuesday. Mr. Charles Lyall, with several other members of the company, arrived a day or two previously.

Mdlle. Thérèse Liébé, the youthful and accomplished violinist, leaves Liverpool on Tuesday next, by the Parthia steamer, for Boston. Mdlle. Liébé is engaged by Madame Rudersdorff for her tour through the United States of America, and we have no doubt our Transatlantic cousins will receive the charming virtuoso with the honours due to her exceptional talent.

M. Gustave Garcia has been singing with success at Boulogne-sur-Mer, at a concert given by M. Devillier. *La France du Nord* remarks that in "an air from *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and a romance from the *Pardon de Plermel (Dinorah)*, M. Garcia obtained a complete success. His fine quality of voice is purely Italian, and M. Garcia sings with remarkable correctness and ease, in short, he is a master of his art."

THE GORSEDD.—At a meeting of this ancient Welsh institution, near Tremadoc, the degree of Pencerdd was conferred on Mr. Willert Beale. The degree is the highest a Gorsedd can bestow, and was conferred on Mr. Beale—who will henceforth be known in Wales as Pencerdd Caerludd—as a recognition of the services he has rendered to music. The forms and ceremonies of the Gorsedd are supposed to be identical with Druidical rites, and have been observed in Wales from time immemorial. Sir Watkin Wynn, Mr. Osborne Morgan, and others have been initiated by the institution during the recent Eisteddfod at Portmadoc.

A new association, called "The Church Choral Society of London, is in progress of formation, the object of which is "the practical assistance of the poorer choirs of London churches, in giving concerts for their benefit, and thus helping them in carrying on their work—or in aid of organ funds." The Rev. Sir Frederick A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., Mus. Doc., Oxford professor of music, has accepted the post of honorary president, and George Cooper Esq., organist and composer to the Chapel Royal, that of honorary organist. The Rev. W. Rogers, M.A., Rector of St. Botolph, has granted the society the use of a large room in his new Middle Class Schools, Skinner Street, Bishopsgate. For further particulars we may refer the reader to the secretary, Aubrey F. Howard, Esq., 17, Mincing Lane, E. C.—(Communicated.)

The seventeenth series of the Crystal Palace Saturday concerts commences on the 5th of October. To-day is the last day for securing a renewal of particular stalls.

Signor Bevignani left London on Thursday to fulfil his engagement at the Italian Operahouse at St. Petersburg. Signor Bevignani will return to London in March next to resume his duties as joint conductor of the orchestra with Signor Vianesi, at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

PORT SAID.—There will shortly be an Italian Operatic company here for the first time.

SMOLENSK.—A monument is to be erected here to M. J. Glinka, the well-known Russian composer.

BRUSSELS.—The Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie re-opened for the season on Wednesday, the 4th inst., instead of on the Monday previous, as at first announced.

VIENNA.—Herr Goldmark has just completed a grand opera, *Die Königin von Saba*, libretto by Dr. Mosenthal. We are informed that Herr Goldmark has devoted six years to his task. If this be true, he cannot be accused of hurrying himself.—*L'Africaine* was given at the new Imperial Operahouse on the Emperor's birthday, Mdlla. Felini sustaining the part of Selika.—A new organ, by Ladegast, has been put up in the large concert-room of the Society of the Friends of Music.—Among the novelties this season, at the Imperial Operahouse, will be *Hamlet*, by M. Thomas, and the ballet of *Ellinor*, by Herr Taglioni. A posthumous opera entitled, *Tunkreda*, by the pianist Döhler, is also mentioned among the novelties. It was sent in by his sister. Döhler began it without knowing aught about the essentials of a dramatic style. In order to learn something of vocal composition, he visited Rossini, at Bologna, and then completed his score at Moscow, in 1846. The opera was to have been produced the next year, with Signora Frezzolina, at Venice, but it never was, in consequence, it was said, at least, of the departure of the lady for Russia. According to all accounts, *Tunkreda* is a very poor affair, and, if brought out, will most certainly prove a gigantic failure.—Herr Theodor Wachtel has been engaged for a limited number of performances. He opened—of course—in *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, on the 3rd inst.

MILAN.—The Politeama company will shortly move to the Carcano, where they will produce *Una Follia a Roma*, under the superintendence of the composer, Signor Ricci, who is at present here. There is some talk, too, of bringing out *Ali Baba*, Signor Bottessini, like Signor Ricci, being also at present here.—Herr Carl Schubert, a German architect, lately paid this city a visit and inspected its various theatres. He will do the same in all the leading towns of Italy, and then employ, on the new International Theatre, he is charged to build for next season at Vienna, the experience he will have gained during his trip.—There was a special performance at the Scala on the 28th ult., in honour of King Victor Emmanuel, who had come here for the Exposition. The interior of the theatre was lighted a *giorno*. The programme was divided into three parts. Part 1 comprised the overture to *Zampa*, Auber; chorus from *Il Crociato in Egitto*, Meyerbeer; cavatina, from *Les Huguenots*, sung by Signora Paulina Langlois; and air, from *Un Ballo in Maschera*, sung by Signora Elisa Daniele, in costume. Part 2 consisted of the ballet, *Bianca di Nevers*. Part 3 included the overture to *I Vespri Siciliani*; "Air des Bijoux," from *Faust*, sung by Signora Elisa Daniele; and chorus from *L'Assedio di Leida*. The King arrived at the commencement of Part 2. He was enthusiastically applauded, and bowed repeatedly from his box to the public. He left shortly before the conclusion of the ballet.

BADEN.—On his way back from Switzerland to Rotterdam, Herr S. de Lange, Jun., gave a second organ concert in the Evangelical Stadtkirche, or Town Church. He played J. S. Bach's magnificent Prelude in C minor, and the difficult Prelude with Fugue in G minor. The other pieces comprised in the programme were Antonio Vivaldi's A minor concerto, in three movements, set for the organ by J. S. Bach; an original Adagio; and Mendelssohn's Organ Sonata in F minor.—The eleventh Matinée attracted a particularly large audience, as Herr Johannes Brahms was announced for the occasion, and that gentleman is very popular here. He played Schumann's Concerto in A minor, and conducted his own Serenade in A major. It is written for wind instruments (three flute, two oboes, two clarinets, two trombones, two horns) alt-violas (eight strong), violoncellos, and double basses, but no violin. It consists of five movements: an Allegro moderato; a Scherzo; an Adagio; a Menuetto; and a Rondo. Mdlle. Helene Heermann performed on the harp two short pieces by Godefrid, and a "Gavotte of Louis XIII.," transcribed by herself. Herr Reuchsel, an excellent violoncellist, played the last two movements, Andante and Rondo, from Goltermann's third Concerto, and took part in an original idyll, "Im Dorfe," for violoncello and orchestra. The concert commenced with Mozart's G minor Symphony, conducted by Herr Könnemann.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

AUGENER & Co.—"Love, love, what wilt thou," and "The Outlaw," songs, by A. Dawson.
 DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.—"There's Sunshine in the Sky," song by George Tolhurst.
 ENOCH & Sons.—"Chopin's Valses, Vol. A. Petite Marche Villageoise, by G. M. Delaborde. Gavotte and Menuet, Op. 3, No. 12, by L. A. Bourgaill-Ducoudray.
 HENRY STREAD & Co.—"Love wins love," and "The Rose and the Dewdrop," songs, by Kate Lucy Ward. "The Song of the pump," by Alfred Cellier. "The Royal Philharmonic Galop," by A. Lindheim. "L'Echo de la Valse," and "L'Adieu," by G. Ferraris.
 TONIC SOL-Fa AGENCY.—"The Standard Course of Lessons and Exercises in the Tonic Sol-fa Method of Teaching Music," with Additional Exercises by John Curwen. "The Staff Notation, a practical introduction to the Tonic Sol-fa Method of teaching Music," by John Curwen.

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